KING AND QUEEN

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"A black head and a chestnut exchanged the greetings of a new day"

KING AND QUEEN

A COLLOQUY

PRIVATELY PRINTED

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KING AND QUEEN

SOMBROSA, looking from its eminence down toward Santa Barbara and the Pacific, arched by the cloudless blue of California and basking in its sunshine, had something of dreaminess this particular spring morning, and that it was perhaps which led a black head and a chestnut, as they exchanged the greetings of the new day across one of the paddock fences, to drop involuntarily into a tone softly reminiscent.

"Do you know," remarked the chestnut, "that life passes like a dream to me since I got back home? I was born in California—what a time ago it was, too!—it hardly seems possible—"

"Never mind just how long!" the black interrupted gallantly. "Ladies are not expected to tell their ages!"

"But Queens need not dissemble such details!"

The chestnut head was lifted proudly and held high in the air a moment. The brilliant eyes swept the horizon, with a look as of seeing far beyond it—imperial visions of the past maybe.

"Really, there's no use trying to conceal my age," she went on. "The whole world knows it. And then, there's all that family of mine! My only regret for the East, by the way, is because my two youngest are back there, at Memphis. At school—yes, Mr. Geers is educating them. They're doing beautifully, too, from all I hear. It was hard for me to say good-bye to my baby when he went away, and I can't help feeling a bit lonely at times without him. But of course I know

it is all for the best. He has his name and the honor of his family to maintain and must live up to them. Still, the idea that I might never see him again—one can never tell; going away so far and in these times—"

After a pause she continued:

"And then, there are quite a few of my grandchildren now. Some of them in the 2:10 list, too. My oldest daughter is fourteen and has a baby of her own in Massachusetts (you were born there, were you not?) that they tell me wonderful things about. I'm very proud of them all—prouder, in fact, than of having been the world's first two-minute trotter myself. . . Let me think back. Like my sex, I'm not strong on dates and figures, but it was surely in nineteen-three that I trotted that first two-minute mile at Readville.

"Nineteen-three! That would be eight-

een years ago, wouldn't it?" she mused. Then proceeded:

"All those years have gone by and no other mare has approached my record of 1:58½ that I made a few weeks later, at Memphis. Of course I know you finally beat it—after a good many trials."—There was just a touch of feminine malice in the last remark.—"I felt rather put out about it when I heard the news. . . . No, you needn't try to apologize for what you did"—this as the black head's owner was about to interject something—"because, you know, you're every inch a King! *The* King, I mean!"

She corrected herself so gracefully, bowing as she did so, that he whom she saluted as sovereign in his turn made a deep obeisance, the black muzzle flecking the luxuriant grasses in which he stood, while his great eyes, with their "look of eagles," glowed brightly with appreciation of a royal compliment.

"Yes," she continued, "I've forgiven you, fully, for two reasons. One was the way you did it—it and the other marvelous feats you accomplished. The other is that since I've come to know you personally I have found it impossible to do otherwise. You remember, it was down at Curles, on the James River, in Virginia, we first met, half-a-dozen years ago? I can't say, though, that we had then but a bowing acquaintance. It wasn't until we met again here any real friendship was possible. It rather surprises me, too, that we've become so chummy. I never made friends quickly, and if I'm not mistaken, neither did you. But now that we are on a truly friendly footing, why—"

The black head gave another sweeping salute:

"It's charming of you to put it that way, Your Majesty. But then, may not a Queen be friendly with a King, if not with much of

anyone else? I have no such long reign to look back upon as have you, but it's quite a while at that. Nineteen-twelve—that's nine years. And for that matter, it was two years before, in nineteen-ten, that I first beat two minutes and became a champion. But even then you had seven years the start of me."

"I suppose we are both getting old. We must be, the way we have wandered," replied the queen. "I mean, wandered in our conversation. What I started out to say was how like a dream life has passed since I got back to California; what a luxury it is to be here, and know I'm here to stay. I used so to long to come back! And to wonder if I ever would!

"I was only four when they first took me East. Nobody had ever heard of me then. I was just learning—just a school-girl, one might say. I suppose I did learn rather fast, for it was only the next season that I became Queen. In the meanwhile I had made one

"Doc received it from the Crown Prince's own hands"

trip back here—to Santa Rosa, where I was born—I've never seen the dear old place since! And two years later I spent the winter here, with Budd Doble as my major-domo. Then it was back East once more and to the very ends of the earth—across the Ocean and all over Europe. Then back to God's Country again, but not back here till now. When I think of all the traveling I've done, the worlds I've seen, the places I've visited, it fairly makes my brain whirl.

"Always I had a royal time—but how one tires of it! You know; you've had the same experience."

The King murmured a word of assent. "But go on," he said, "what you are saying interests me intensely."

"Well," continued the Queen, "there was that day in Berlin, for instance, when His Imperial Highness, the Crown Prince, presented that superb trophy—it's up there on

the hill, in the Trophy Room, this moment —in commemoration of my appearance there. The Boss couldn't be there that day, so Doc received it from the Crown Prince's own hands. That was certainly one of the big moments of my career. Still, I can't say I ever liked Germany. Vienna was incomparably more attractive than Berlin, while Moscow surpassed everything.

"And now everything is swept away there! They tell me the Crown Prince is an exile in a little fishing village in Holland. In Vienna thousands of people are starving to death. And Moscow—but I just can't bear to think of it! Who could have imagined such things then?"

"Who, indeed!" answered the King. "That Crown Prince of yours—I never saw him, for I only passed through Germany, and did not appear there—is at least alive and well. Probably he still gets some fun out of exist-

ence. But think of the Russian royal family—and, for that matter, of everybody who was anybody there. Truly, it is safer to be a King of the Turf than a Kaiser or a Tsar!"

Then the luminous eyes in the black head brightened suddenly and their owner added: "They say the days of kings and thrones—human ones, I mean—are passing. But there's one King regnant among men yet. King Albert of Belgium! Ah, there's the true monarch! Like the rulers of old, he led his own armies in battle, instead of staying out of harm's way, like that Kaiser and Crown Prince, and letting the rest do the fighting! There will always be a throne in Belgium, and a King upon it, while Albert the First lives!"

"Why, how enthusiastic you are!" ejaculated his hearer.

"And why shouldn't I be?" came the answer. "You may have received trophies

from the hands of Crown Princes. But I—have borne a King on my back! King Albert himself, it was! When he visited America, he came here to Santa Barbara; yes, to Asombrosa. He had heard of me—like the real King he is, he loves kingly horses. He wished to see me, and when they brought me out, he expressed the desire to mount me. That, in your own phrase, was one of the big moments of my career! He sat me like a King, for he rides as royally as he reigns. After I had trotted down to the beach with him, with the blue sky and sea and the white surf and gleaming sand for a background, they took my photograph with him in the saddle. 'The Two Kings', they called the picture. What a pity you were then still in the East and did not meet His Majesty!"

"Yes?" was the response, with a soupcon of ironic inflection. "But then, I have met kings of all kinds. And have been loved by

"He sat me like a King"

many. Kings of my own kind, to be sure but real kings, for all that. Kings, like King Albert, who had been victors on the field of battle, themselves bearing its brunt. John A. McKerron was the first of them. We had quite a romance. Then there was the great Bingen, a King from whom many Kings are descended—yourself among them, for are you not his own son?" The black head bowed reverently. "But why name them all? I must not, however, forget The Harvester. There were two Kings at Curles Neck when you were both there! And even you will admit that he is of the real race of monarchs.

"But of all my royal adorers," she continued reflectively, a tone of sadness creeping into her accents, "I think oftenest of Krepesh, because of his terrible fate. Do you recall Krepesh? The great grey horse, the Orloff trotting King, who ruled the Russian turf when I was there?"

"Remember Krepesh? I should say I do! He was still supreme three years later, when I made my Russian tour."

The Queen mused a moment.

"How well I remember the day I posed with Krepesh—the American Queen and the Russian King—for our portraits together! There was a background of beautiful trees, heavy with rich foliage, and those silvery birches shining through them. The picture was striking—a great success. Krepesh was a marvel to his Russians because he had trotted in 2:09½, but when I showed them a half in :59½ seconds at Moscow, over that dead, sandy track, I gave them new ideas of speed. Just the same, you couldn't help admiring Krepesh! He was so picturesque, with such a gallant air! And such an idol! The applause he got was deafening, always. Krepesh, the King! And those Bolsheviks killed him!"

"The American Queen and the Russian King"

"Russia! Krepesh!" murmured the black King, reminiscently. "Could anyone ever forget them? I had a wonderful time there, myself, but my luck wasn't with me. The climate got me just as The Boss arrived for Derby Day. Doc had worked me in 2:04 and I was all ready to show those Russians a mile in two minutes. But instead of that, the vets were at work trying to keep me from dying. You have always to take some bitter with the sweet and that was my one supreme disappointment. The day I had that accident—that quarter-boot, you know, that came loose and tripped me—and Hamburg Belle beat me (that race is still the world's record, by the bye—2:01¼ and 2:01¾) was nothing like so great a one. For I had another chance with her and defeated her without an effort. But that was my only chance in Russia. However, I never think of Hamburg Belle if I can help it—it makes me too sad. A few

months later she was dead, you know. If I'd known that was coming I'd have let her beat me again that second time, too!

"Still, I made up for what happened—or, rather, what failed to happen!—in Russia that same fall after I'd got back home, by that mile in 'fifty-eight at Lexington, and back in 'three and a quarter, hitched double with Lewis Forrest. Frankly, I like to think of that rather than Russia!"

"I don't blame you. Still, I like to close my eyes once in a while and see rise up before me that Moscow race track—as it was then, not one track, but three of them, two small ones inside the main track, the *sirroi,* big enough to take care of a thousand race horses, and that wonderful grand stand, with those groups of monumental sculpture high up against the clouds; and, over on the other side, the grand stand at the running race track. It made America look commonplace,

"I was all ready to show those Russians a mile in two minutes"

eh? And then you have to say this for the Russians—that they did love the trotters and when they wanted a big crowd at the running track, had to take some trotters over there and race them! If one tells that here in the U. S. it sounds like a fairy tale. But true it was, just the same."

"Speaking of the runners," rejoined the King, "did I tell you of my little adventure at Saratoga? No? Well, then, you know the thoroughbreds race there—at 'the Spa' as they call it—every year in August. It resembles the big European meetings, in environment and atmosphere, more than any other on this side. The Boss runs up there often from New York to enjoy it. That summer he had been riding me in Central Park and didn't want to give up the pleasure I afforded him. So he took me to Saratoga with him. That was in 'fourteen, as I recall it. Those running horsemen, as you are probably aware, know nothing

about a modern trotter, especially how fast he is. So one morning The Boss gave them a little demonstration. I don't wish it understood as boasting, but I did carry The Boss, at 192 pounds, an eighth, over grass, in 13 seconds, a 1:44 gait. After they'd compared their watches and got their breath, they admitted it was doubtful if there were many thoroughbreds at the Spa that could sprint such an eighth, with that weight up. Those thoroughbreds look down on a trotter and sniff about his being 'plebeian' or 'half-bred' and it did me a world of good to put them in their places for once."

"Correct!" responded the Queen, with emphasis. "I never saw Saratoga, but what you did there reminds me of something I once did myself. It was late in the fall—that fall of nineteen-three—after I'd trotted in 'fifty-eight and a half at Memphis, had pulled The Boss in even time to wagon and beaten Major Del-

mar for the Gold Cup, all inside a few days. They brought me to New York and The Boss decided to sprint me on the Speedway. I did the quarter, to wagon, for him, in 25¾ seconds —that's a 1:43 gait. They had two runners to pace me, Doc driving one, the other under saddle, but they got lost along the road somewhere. There was no talk of front runners or windshields in connection with that little performance, my friend! Not much!"

For a moment more she said nothing, then resumed:

"By the way. That New York Speedway? Is it still in existence?"

"No, not as you knew it. It is now but a memory of the past to the trotter. They have turned it over to the autos and"—

Before he could get farther she broke in:

"Hideous things! How I hate them!! But you were saying—?"

"That I have my memories of the Speedway, too. I never told anyone this, but you might like to know it. Just ten years after that quarter of yours there, The Boss stepped me down that same strip of dirt and I did it in twenty-six seconds, in the rain. Not bad, eh?"

"Did you really?" She gazed at him with a new look of respect, but ignoring any farther expression of wonderment, went on gaily:

"In the rain, did you say? Believe me, you don't know what rain is! You should have been along with us in Austria, at Baden, the summer of nineteen-nine, when The Boss drove me an exhibition there, to wagon—five hundred meters—I did it at a 1:52 gait. I abhor slang—but you should have seen my finish! Rather, you couldn't have if you'd been there! It didn't just rain. It was a deluge! What a ducking we got! But do

you know, I enjoyed it! Actually! For the crowd cheered like mad and at every step I took, with the water splashing under my feet as if I was trotting through a mill-race, I could hear the applause! It still rings in my ears, in my day-dreams! I've been told that Maud S., when she reigned as queen, long before we were born, when she got an ovation, would stop on the track, turn her head toward the stand, and as it were, bow to it. I was not that self-conscious. But the cheers and the hand-clapping—I loved it! Didn't you?"

It was the King's turn to assume the insouciant:

"Well, of course," he replied, in a slightly bored manner, "I won't say I didn't. But it got to be such an old story. Still, that very last time—my farewell appearance, I mean—when Doc hooked Slats with me at Lexington and I trotted a mile in 1.54½—I don't think I ever heard quite such a roar from the stand

as that day. Perhaps it was because I was on fire myself. Dear old Slats! He was all in half-way through the stretch and I had to drag him from there home. They had begun to cheer before we got to the seven-eighths, and I could hear them calling to me to come on! It was glorious—I'll not deny it. But, on my honor, not even that made me so happy as just to have The Boss on my back and feel the comradeship existing between us."

A light, wonderfully soft, glowed in his eyes. He fell silent. Then his courtesy re-asserted itself.

"It's rather curious, if you stop to think of it," he proceeded, after a pause, "that The Boss drove each of us to wagon in exactly the same time—two minutes flat. Do you know, I've often wished it had happened so we might have turned 'round together! There would have been something for moving pictures that would have made the Man o'War-Sir Barton

"Just to have The Boss on my back and feel the comradeship between us"

affair tame in comparison. I'd have wanted to be as good that day, though, as the day The Boss drove me that half in fifty-six and a quarter to wagon at Randall, and—"

"And you'd have needed to be!" was the crisp rejoinder. A fiery light flamed into the Queen's eyes, her nostrils suddenly dilated and a quiver thrilled her frame.

"Well," the King returned amiably, quick to mollify her threatened outburst, "the critics have quarrelled for years about which of us was the faster, so I can't see any need for us to do so ourselves. What I had in mind when I spoke was not any wild idea of outspeeding you, but just the sight we would have been from the grandstand! The Boss to drive one of us and Doc the other."

"Yes," the Queen answered, more subduedly, "that would have been something to see! If it had ever happened, I don't think Mabel Trask and Saint Frisco would have

seemed quite so thrilling! We would certainly have been complete foils for each other—and I should have given you the inside position to finish with, so my bronze figure might have been outlined against your black one. The artistic effect would have been exquisite! But the most beautiful, wonderful things never happen!"

The idea seemed to preoccupy the King. In fancy he seemed to behold this marvelous spectacle which, between them, they had evoked. Then he went on:

"If you want my opinion, what the turf needs most today is something of that kind. I mean, two world's champions, pitted against each other purely for glory and the splendor of the sight. You spoke just now of Mabel Trask and Saint Frisco. Think of the sensation they created, yet neither of them was a two-minute trotter, and their duels were commercial propositions. Not that they didn't

race for blood. They did. But it was money they really raced for, first, last and all the time. We never did that, either of us, after The Boss got us."

"I *never* did, at any time in my life," said the Queen proudly.

"I did a few times, before I became King, never after that. There were fortunes to be won, too, by both of us, had we done so."

The Queen's figure quivered disdainfully.

"Ah, yes! The promoters, exploiters and gamblers! What wouldn't they have given to get hold of us. Think what was done with Cresceus, the King I dethroned. And that Man o'War-Sir Barton race. That was a commercial affair through and through. Why, the movie rights had even been sold weeks before the two horses met! It was no race at all, into the bargain. Sir Barton was far from the horse he had been and Man o'War simply ran away from him. Yet they

tell me when the picture was thrown on the screen the operators made it look like a real contest, the people fairly went mad with enthusiasm and there were cyclones of applause.

"I wonder what would have happened if the movie fans could have seen you and me racing together! But I was too far in advance of my time for that. The films were just getting going when I made the two-minute trotter a reality."

"Well, they've had me on the cinema," rejoined the King. "Not in a race, though. And between us, I thought the picture was nothing. But, they tell me, it went like wildfire, even if it wasn't circused like Man o'War and Sir Barton. Getting back to Saratoga, though, while I enjoyed my outing there, and they certainly treated me well, I discovered that the racing was only a pretext for the betting. And ever since I have been still prouder to be a trotting than a running King, as

you are a trotting Queen. Neither of us ever won money enough to pay a season's expenses, but if you would mean anything as a runner, get into the peerage, with no thought of a crown, you must win a hundred thousand at least. Glory there is a matter of dollars and cents, I found out."

"But," said the Queen gravely, "such fame is transient! Who remembers these runners, these 'big winners,' for more than a season?"

"Who remembers them? Nobody! That is, nobody but the men for whom they won money. And they forget them over night. Yet Your Majesty, who never won a penny and whose record (as you allow me to recall!) dates back eighteen years, remains as famous as ever. Lou Dillon's name is still a household word the world around!"

"The compliment of a King!" The Queen spoke with pride yet humility. "And if I still am a Queen, and you, Uhlan, a King, it

is because we have reigned over a sport, not so-called of kings, but of sportsmen, in whose memories and hearts we remain."

APPENDIX

LOU DILLON 1:58½

The First Two-Minute Trotter

World's Champion Trotter, 1903-1912

Chestnut mare, star and snip, near hind ankle white; height, 15.0½ hands. Foaled 1898. Bred by Mess Henry and Ira Pierce, Santa Rosa Stock Farm, Santa Rosa, Cal. Purchased by Mr. C. K. G. Billings, May, 1903, at Cleveland, O.

Sire, *Sidney Dillon* 23157, sire also of Helen Stiles 2:06¼, Ruth Dillon, 4, 2:06¼, Dolly Dillon, 2:06¾ (to wagon), Stanley Dillon 2:07¾ and 107 others with standard records; and of the dams of Emma Harvester, 4, 2:04¼, Expressive Lou, 3, 2:08¼, Lou Billings, 3, 2:08¾, Dillon Axworthy, 3, 2:10¼, etc., etc. Sidney Dillon by Sidney, 2:19¾, son of Santa Claus, 2:17½, by Strathmore 408, by Hambletonian 10; his dam, Venus, two mile record 5:04, (dam also of Adonis 2:11½, Cupid 2:18 and Lea 2:18½), by Captain Webster 10173, son of Williamson's Belmont.

Dam, *Lou Milton* (dam also of Cornelia 2:19¾, Redwood 2:21½, Aileen 2:26½ and Ethel Mack, 3, 2:29½), by Milton Medium 2:25½, son of Happy Medium 400, by Hambletonian 10. Milton Medium's dam Fan (dam also of Hattie 2:29¾), by Sackett's Hambletonian 1727, son of Hambletonian 10.

Some Performances of Lou Dillon

1903

Cleveland, O., June 16, 1903. To beat 2:14, trotting, to wagon.

Lou Dillon, ch m, by Sidney Dillon.....
.....Mr. C. K. G. Billings won

Time—¼	½	¾	Mile
:33	1:04½	1:35¾	2:06¼

(Note: Previous world's amateur record for trotting mares, 2:07, by Lucille.)

Cleveland, O., June 29, 1903. To beat 2:06¼, trotting, to wagon.

Lou Dillon, ch m, by Sidney Dillon.....
.....Mr. C. K. G. Billings won

Time—¼	½	¾	Mile
:31¾	1:03¼	1:34	2:04¾

(Note: Previous world's amateur record for trotters, 2:05¾, by Lord Derby.)

Cleveland, O., July 11, 1903. To beat the world's record for trotting mares, to sulky, 2:03¾.

Lou Dillon, ch m, by Sidney Dillon.....M. Sanders won

Time—¼	½	¾	Mile
:31¼	1:01¾	1:32½	2:03½

Cleveland, O., July 31, 1903. To beat the world's record for trotting mares, to sulky, 2:03½.

Lou Dillon, ch m, by Sidney Dillon.....M. Sanders won

Time—¼	½	¾	Mile
:30¼	1:00¾	1:31¾	2:02¾

Brighton Beach, C. I., Aug. 17, 1903. Exhibition.
Lou Dillon, ch m, by Sidney Dillon.....M. Sanders won

Time—¼	½	¾	Mile
:28¾	:59	1:30¼	2:03¾

(Note: The fastest first quarter ever trotted.)

Readville, Mass., Aug. 24, 1903. To beat the world's record for trotting mares, to sulky, 2:02¾.
Lou Dillon, ch m, by Sidney Dillon.....M. Sanders won

Time—⅛	¼	⅜	½	⅝	¾	⅞	Mile
:15¼	:30¼	:45¼	1:00¾	1:15¾	1:31	1:46	2:00

Separately each quarter:

1st qr.	2d qr.	3d qr.	4th qr.
:30¼	:30½	:30¼	:29

Separately, each eighth:

1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th
:15¼	:15	:15	:15½	:15	:15¼	:15	:14

(Note: The world's first two-minute mile by a trotter; previous world's trotting record, 2:02¼, by Cresceus.)

Cleveland, O., Sept. 1, 1903. To beat her own world's amateur trotting record, to wagon, 2:04¾.
Lou Dillon, ch m, by Sidney Dillon.....
.....Mr. C. K. G. Billings won

Time—¼	½	¾	Mile
:32	1:02½	1:33¼	2:04½

Cleveland, O., Sept. 12, 1903. To beat the record of Maud S., 2:08¾, trotting, to high-wheel sulky.
Lou Dillon, ch m, by Sidney Dillon.....M. Sanders won

Time—¼	½	¾	Mile
:32¼	1:04	1:35	2:05

(Note: The fastest mile ever trotted to high-wheel sulky, without pneumatic tires.)

Cleveland, O., Sept. 19, 1903. Exhibition, trotting, to wagon.

Lou Dillon, ch m, by Sidney Dillon.....
.....Mr. C. K. G. Billings won

Time—¼	½	¾	Mile
:33¼	1:05¾	1:36½	2:05¼

(Note: Last half in 59½ seconds; last quarter in 28¾ seconds.)

Lexington, Ky., Oct. 10, 1903. To beat 2:04½, her own world's amateur trotting record to wagon.

Lou Dillon, ch m, by Sidney Dillon.....
.....Mr. C. K. G. Billings won

Time—¼	½	¾	Mile
:31	1:01	1:30¾	2:01¾

Memphis, Tenn., Oct. 20, 1903. Free-for-all trot, amateur drivers, to wagon, for Memphis Gold Cup.

Lou Dillon, ch m, by Sidney Dillon.....
.....Mr. C. K. G. Billings 1 1

Major Delmar, b g, by Delmar.....
.....Mr. E. E. Smathers 2 2

Time—¼	½	¾	Mile
1st heat :30	1:00	1:32	2:04¾
2d heat :32¾	1:03½	1:33	2:04¾

(Note: World's race record for trotters to wagon, for both one and two consecutive heats, driven by either amateur or professional reinsman. World's record for two consecutive heats in a race to either wagon or sulky.)

"When I beat Major Delmar for the Gold Cup"

Memphis, Tenn., Oct. 24, 1903. To beat her own world's record of 2:00, trotting.

Lou Dillon, ch m, by Sidney Dillon.....M. Sanders won

Time—

⅛	¼	⅜	½	⅝	¾	⅞	Mile
:15¼	:30	:44¾	:59½	1:14¼	1:28½	1:43½	1:58½

Separately, each quarter:

1st qr.	2d qr.	3d qr.	4th qr.
:30	:29½	:29	:30

Separately each eighth:

1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th
:15¼	:14¾	:14¾	:14¾	:14¾	:14¼	:15	:15

Memphis, Tenn., Oct. 28, 1903. To beat her own world's amateur trotting record, to wagon, 2:01¾.

Lou Dillon, ch m, by Sidney Dillon.....Mr. C. K. G. Billings won

Time—

⅛	¼	⅜	½	⅝	¾	⅞	Mile
:15	:29½	:44¼	:59¼	1:14¾	1:29½	1:45	2:00

Separately each quarter:

1st qr.	2d qr.	3d qr.	4th qr.
:29½	:29¾	:30¼	:30½

Separately each eighth:

1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th
:15	:14½	:14¾	:15	:15½	:14¾	:15½	:15

New York Speedway, N. Y. City, Nov. 11, 1903. Special exhibition, to wagon.

Lou Dillon, ch m, by Sidney Dillon.....Mr. C. K. G. Billings won

Time—	¼	½
1st heat	:29	:59
2d heat	:25¾	:58½

(Note: First quarter of second heat the fastest ever trotted or paced, to any hitch.)

Produce of Lou Dillon

1907—Lou Billings, 3, 2:08¾, b m, by John A. McKerron 2:04½.

1908—Gretchen B., b m, by John A. McKerron 2:04½.

1910—Mack Dillon, 6, 2:21¼, ch g, by John A. McKerron 2:04½.

1911—Ben Billings, pacer, 6, 2:05¼, b g, by Bingen 2:06¼.

1913—Expressive Lou, 3, 2:08¼, b m, by Atlantic Express 2:07¾.

1914—Virginia Lou, b f, by The Harvester 2:01.

1915—Bay colt, died as a weanling, by The Harvester 2:01.

1917—Harvest Lou, 3, 2:17¼, ch m, by The Harvester 2:01.

1919—Harvest Dillon, 3, 2:10¼, b c, by The Harvester 2:01.

1920—Etawah Dillon, pacer, 3, 2:08¼, b c, by Etawah 2:03.

(Note: Gretchen B., Lou Dillon's foal of 1908, is the dam of Minuet 2:09¼, Harvest Grant, 4, 2:10¼, Dr. Culpepper, 2, 2:14¾, Harvest Sprite, 3, 2:19½ and Girl of the Fields, 2, 2:26¼, trotting, 5, 2:08, pacing.

Expressive Lou, Lou Dillon's foal of 1913, is dam of Gordon Dillon, 3, 2:04¼.

Lou Billings, Lou Dillon's first foal, is dam of Hastings Echo, 4, 2:20½.

Ben Billings, Lou Dillon's foal of 1911, has a three-year-old trotting record of 2:17¼, in addition to his six-year-old pacing record of 2:05¼.)

Some Performances by Lou Dillon's Foals

By Lou Billings

North Randall, O., Aug. 9, 1910. To beat 2:30¼, trotting.

Lou Billings, b f, 3, by John A. McKerron—Lou Dillon. Dickerson won.
Time—2:12¾.

North Randall, O., Aug. 12, 1910. To beat 2:12¾, trotting.

Lou Billings, b f, 3, by John A. McKerron—Lou Dillon. Dickerson won.
Time—2:11¼.

Syracuse, N. Y., Sept. 12, 1910. To beat 2:11¼, trotting.

Lou Billings, b f, 3, by John A. McKerron—Lou Dillon. Dickerson won.
Time—2:10½.

Columbus, O., Sept. 29, 1910. To beat 2:10½, trotting.

Lou Billings, b f, 3, by John A. McKerron—Lou Dillon. Dickerson won.
Time—2:08¾.

By Ben Billings

Lexington, Ky., Oct. 3, 1916. To beat 2:25¼, pacing.

Ben Billings, b g, by Bingen—Lou Dillon. Logan won. Time—2:07.

Detroit, Mich., July 25, 1917. 2:17 pace; purse $1,200.

Ben Billings, b g, by Bingen—Lou Dillon	Jamison	10	1	1	1
J. E. C., b c, by Sunny Jim.	Shuler	3	3	2	2
Ardelle, ro m, by Al Stanley	Whitehead	5	5	3	3
Frank R., bl g, by Bingara	Fleming	4	4	8	5

Nine others started.

Time—¼	½	¾	Mile
:32	1:04½	1:35½	2:06¼
:31½	1:03	1:34	2:05¼
:33	1:05½	1:36½	2:07½
:33½	1:05	1:35	2:07½

Kalamazoo, Mich., Aug. 1, 1917. 2:14 pace; purse $1,000.

Ben Billings, b g, by Bingen—Lou Dillon	Jamison	1	1	2	7 1
Spy Direct, b h, by Walter Direct	Geers	2	10	1	1 4
Butt Hale, b g, by Senator Hale	Murphy	3	2	5	5 2
Jay Mack, ch h, by Liberty Jay	McDonald	5	3	7	2 3

Seven other starters.

Time—¼	½	¾	Mile
:32¾	1:03¾	1:35½	2:07¼
:31¼	1:02½	1:33¼	2:06½
:31¼	1:04	1:35¼	2:07¼

:32¾	1:05¾	1:37¾	2:09¾
:35½	1:08¾	1:39½	2:12

By Expressive Lou

North Randall, O., July 19, 1916. Three-year-old trot, sweepstakes; value $1,770.

Expressive Lou, b f, by Atlantic Express—Lou Dillon ..... Murphy 1 1

Harrod's Creek, Brownie Watts, Jack Mooney, Lightsome Watts, Cochato Jay, Lotto Watts, Sister Susan and Peter Bing also started.

Time—¼	½	¾	Mile
:31	1:02¾	1:35	2:09¾
:32¾	1:06	1:38½	2:11¼

Detroit, Mich., July 25, 1916. Three-year-old trot, Hotel Wayne Sweepstakes; value $1,020.

Harrod's Creek, ch c, by General Watts..... Engleman 2 1 1

Expressive Lou, b f, by Atlantic Express..... Murphy 1 2 2

Three others started.

Time—¼	½	¾	Mile
:32½	1:04½	1:36½	2:08¼
:34½	1:09½	1:41	2:11¼
:32	1:04	1:35	2:10

Pittsburgh, Pa., Aug. 11, 1916. Matron Stake, three-year-old trot; value $5,888.

Expressive Lou, b f, by Atlantic Express—Lou Dillon ..... Murphy 1 1

Bingen Silk and Lightsome Watts also started.

Time—2:13¾, 2:11.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Aug. 30, 1916. 2:17 trot, three-year-olds; stake $2,000.

Expressive Lou, b f, by Atlantic Express—Lou Dillon ..... Murphy 1 1

Native Judge, Stella Maris, Libya, Brownie Watts, Balmacaan, Berton and Cochato Jay also started.

Time—2:10½, 2:12.

Syracuse, N. Y., Sept. 13, 1916. "American Horse Breeder Futurity," three-year-old trot; value $6,000.

Expressive Lou, b f, by Atlantic Express—Lou Dillon ..... Murphy 1 1

Suldine, Lotto Watts, Bingen Silk, General Yorke, Cochato Jay, Balmacaan also started.

Time—¼	½	¾	Mile
:33	1:05½	1:37¾	2:09¼
:34	1:07	1:39½	2:09½

North Randall, O., Aug. 24, 1916. Champion Stallion Stake, three-year-old trot; value $7,640.

Volga, ch f, by Peter the Great ..... White 1 1

Expressive Lou, b f, by Atlantic Expr's ... Murphy 2 3

Bingen Silk, br c, by Bingen ..... Chandler 3 2

Four others started.

Time—2:07¾, 2:09¾.

Lexington, Ky., Oct. 3, 1916. Kentucky Futurity, three-year-old trot; value $14,000.

Volga, ch f, by Peter the Great ..... White 1 1 1

Harrod's Creek, ch c, by General Watts ..... Engleman 2 2 4

Expressive Lou, b f, by Atlantic Express ..... Murphy 4 5 2

Three others started.

Time—2:06½, 2:07, 2:04½.

Expressive Lou, in her three-year-old campaign, won $12,645.

By Harvest Lou

Kutztown, Pa., Aug. 24, 1920. Three-year-old trot; purse $300. Half-mile track.

Harvest Lou, b f, by The Harvester—Lou Dillon

.....Goodhart 1 1

Six others started.

Time—2:17¼, 2:18¼.

UHLAN 1:58

World's Champion Trotter, 1912-1921

First Two-Minute Trotter in the Open

Black gelding, foaled 1904; feather in forehead, left front coronet, both hind pasterns white; height, 15½ hands. Bred by Mr. Arthur H. Parker, Bedford, Mass.; passed, August, 1907, to Mr. Charles Sanders, Salem, Mass.; from whom he was purchased by Mr. C. K. G. Billings, September, 1909.

Sire, *Bingen* 2:06¼, sire also of Lucile Bingen 2:03¾, Admiral Dewey 2:04¾, Sis Bing 2:06½, The Leading Lady, 3, 2:07, Bingen Silk, 3, 2:07¼, J. Malcolm Forbes, 4, 2:08 and 250 other standard performers; of the dams of Lee Axworthy 1:58¼ (champion trotting stallion), Straight Sail 2:04¼, Hollyrood Bob, 3, 2:04¾, Arion McKinney 2:05¼, King Watts 2:05¼, and over 120 other standard performers. Bingen, by May King 2:20, son of Electioneer 125, son of Hambletonian 10; dam, Young Miss (dam of six standard performers), by Young Jim 2009, son of George Wilkes 2:22, son of Hambletonian 10. (Note: Bingen is the first and only horse to sire a two-minute trotter, Uhlan 1:58, and the dam of one, Lee Axworthy 1:58¼.)

Dam, *Blondella* (dam also of Indian Hill 2:11¼ on half-mile track, Lexington, amateur matinee record

to wagon 2:15¼ and Uhleen, dam of Uhlan Brooke 2:06¾, all by Bingen; and of Blackwood 2:19¼, by Alliewood 2:09½), by Sir Walter Jr., 2:18¼, son of Sir Walter 2:24¼, son of Aberdeen 27, son of Hambletonian 10. Sir Walter, Jr.'s dam, Kate Clark, by American Clay 34, son of Cassius M. Clay, Jr. 22, son of Cassius M. Clay 18, son of Henry Clay 8.

Some Performances of Uhlan

1908

Readville, Mass., Aug. 25, 1908. The Blue Hill Stake, 2:30 trot; value $4,500.

Uhlan, bl g, 4, by Bingen.....R. Procter 1 1 1

Three others also started.

Time—2:10½, 2:10½, 2:11.

Columbus, O., Sept. 21, 1908. 2:10 trot; purse $1,200.

Uhlan, bl g, 4, by Bingen.....R. Procter 1 1 1

Thirteen others also started.

Time—¼	½	¾	Mile
:31½	1:02¼	1:34½	2:07¼
:31½	1:03	1:35¼	2:07¼
:32¼	1:04¼	1:36½	2:08¼

(Note: 2:07¼ a new world's record for four-year-old trotting geldings.)

Columbus, O., Oct. 1, 1908. 2:09 trot; purse $1,200.

Uhlan, bl g, 4, by Bingen.....R. Procter 5 1 1

Locust Jack, gr g, by Keller Thomas...McHenry 1 2 2

Ten others also started.

Time—2:09¼, 2:08¼, 2:07½.

Lexington, Ky., Oct. 13, 1908. Walnut Hall Cup, 2:15 trot; value $3,000.

Uhlan, bl g, 4, by Bingen.....R. Procter 1 1 1

Eight others, including Spanish Queen, also started.

Time—¼	½	¾	Mile
:34	1:07	1:38¼	2:09½
:32¼	1:03¼	1:34½	2:07½
:32	1:04¼	1:35¼	2:07½

1909

North Randall, O., Aug. 10, 1909. 2:07 trot; purse $1,200.

Uhlan, bl g, by Bingen.....R. Procter 1 1

San Francisco, Sterling McKinney, Nahma, Lady Jones, Wilkes Heart and Spanish Queen also started.

Time—¼	½	¾	Mile
:31¼	1:03¾	1:36	2:06¼
:31¾	1:01¾	1:33¼	2:03¼

(Note: Previous world's record for five-year-old trotting gelding 2:05½, by Major Delmar.)

Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 19, 1909. 2:07 trot; purse $1,200.

Uhlan, bl g, by Bingen.....R. Procter 1 1

Five others also started.

Time—2:08¾, 2:07¼.

North Randall, O., Aug. 25, 1909. Match, trotting; purse $——.

Hamburg Belle, b m, by Axworthy.....Andrews 1 1

Uhlan, bl g, by Bingen.....Procter 2 dis

Time—¼	½	¾	Mile
:31	1:01	1:31	2:01¼
:30½	:59½	1:30	2:01¾

(Note: Until 1924 the world's record for both one and two consecutive heats in a trotting race.)

Readville, Mass., Sept. 3, 1909. Match, trotting; purse $——.

Uhlan, bl g, by Bingen.....R. Procter 1 1
Hamburg Belle, b m, by Axworthy.....Andrews 2 2

Time—¼	½	¾	Mile
:31¾	1:02¾	1:33¼	2:04¾
:31	1:01¼	1:32	2:03½

Columbus, O., Sept. 24, 1909. To beat his own world's record of 2:03½ for five-year-old trotting geldings.

Uhlan, bl g, by Bingen.....R. Procter won

Time—¼	½	¾	Mile
:31	1:02	1:32	2:02¼

1910

North Randall, O., July 9, 1910. To beat 2:10, trotting, to wagon.

Uhlan, bl g, by Bingen.....Mr. C. K. G. Billings won

Time—¼	½	¾	Mile
:32	1:02	1:33	2:02¾

North Randall, O., Aug. 8, 1910. To beat 2:02¾, trotting, to wagon.

Uhlan, bl g, by Bingen.....Mr. C. K. G. Billings won

Time—¼	½	¾	Mile
:30¾	:59¾	1:30¼	2:01

North Randall, O., Aug. 12, 1910. To beat 2:01, trotting.

Uhlan, bl g, by Bingen.....Charles Tanner won

Time—¼	½	¾	Mile
:29¾	:59	1:29¾	1:58¾

Separately, each quarter:

1st qr.	2d qr.	3d qr.	4th qr.
:29¾	:29¼	:30¾	:29

(Note: Previous world's record for trotting geldings, 1:59¾, by Major Delmar. This mile in 1:58¾ the first ever trotted "in the open," in two minutes or better.)

Readville, Mass., Aug. 30, 1910. To beat 2:01, trotting, to wagon.

Uhlan, bl g, by Bingen.....Mr. C. K. G. Billings lost

Time—¼	½	¾	Mile
:29¾	1:00	1:30½	2:02½

Hartford, Conn., Sept. 9, 1910. To beat 2:04¾, trotting, to wagon.

Uhlan, bl g, by Bingen.....Mr. C. K. G. Billings won

Time—¼	½	¾	Mile
:30¾	1:01½	1:32¼	2:01¼

Allentown, Pa., Sept. 21, 1910. To beat world's trotting record over half-mile track, 2:06¾.

Uhlan, bl g, by Bingen.....Charles Tanner won

Time—¼	½	¾	Mile
:32	1:03¼	1:35	2:05¼

1911

North Randall, O., Aug. 7, 1911. To beat 2:01, trotting, to wagon.

Uhlan, bl g, by Bingen.....Mr. C. K. G. Billings won

Time—¼	½	¾	Mile
:29¼	:59¾	1:30	2:00

Separately, each quarter:

1st qr.	2d qr.	3d qr.	4th qr.
:29¼	:30½	:30¼	:30

North Randall, O., Aug. 11, 1911. To beat 1:00, trotting, to wagon; half-mile dash.

Uhlan, bl g, by Bingen.....Mr. C. K. G. Billings won

Time—⅛	¼	⅝	Half
:14	:28½	:43	:56¼

Separately, each quarter:

1st qr.	2d qr.
:28½	:27¾

Separately, each eighth:

1st	2d	3d	4th
:14	:14½	:14½	:13¼

Goshen, N. Y., Aug. 24, 1911. To beat his own world's half-mile track trotting record, 2:05¼.

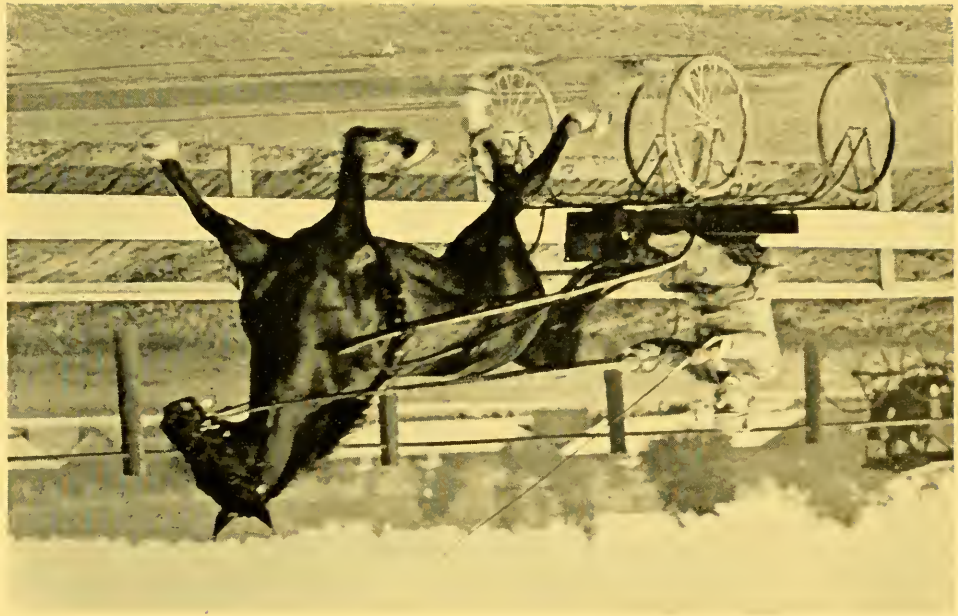
Uhlan, bl g, by Bingen.....Charles Tanner won

Time—¼	½	¾	Mile
:31	1:01	1:32	2:02¾

Separately, each quarter:

1st qr.	2d qr.	3d qr.	4th qr.
:31	:30	:31	:30¾

"That day The Boss drove me in two minutes to wagon"



White River Junction, Vt., Sept. 19, 1911. Exhibition, trotting, half-mile track.

Uhlan, bl g, by Bingen.....Charles Tanner won

Time—¼	½	¾	Mile
:31½	1:01½	1:32¾	2:04¼

Lexington, Ky., Oct. 4, 1911. To beat the track trotting record, 2:01¾.

Uhlan, bl g, by Bingen.....Charles Tanner won

Time—¼	½	¾	Mile
:28¾	:57¼	1:28¼	1:59½

Separately, each quarter:

1st qr.	2d qr.	3d qr.	4th qr.
:28¾	:28½	:31	:31¼

1912

Moscow, Russia, June 14, 1912. Exhibition, trotting.

Uhlan, bl g, by Bingen.....Charles Tanner won

Time—¼	½	¾	Mile
:30	1:00	1:30	2:04

(Note: Not an official performance, but four seconds faster than the Russian trotting record, 2:08.)

Lexington, Ky., Oct. 8, 1912. To beat the track record, trotting, his own 1:59½.

Uhlan, bl g, by Bingen.....Charles Tanner won

Time—¼	½	¾	Mile
:30	:59	1:28	1:58

Separately, each quarter:

1st qr.	2d qr.	3d qr.	4th qr.
:30	:29	:29	:30

(Note: Previous world's trotting record, 1:58½, by Lou Dillon, in 1903.)

Lexington, Ky., Oct. 11, 1912. To beat the world's record for trotting teams, 2:07¾.

Uhlan, bl g, by Bingen, and Lewis Forrest, bl g, by General Forrest.....Charles Tanner won

Time—¼	½	¾	Mile
:31¾	1:00¾	1:31¾	2:03¼

1913

North Randall, O., July 7, 1913. To beat the track record, trotting, his own 1:58¾.

Uhlan, bl g, by Bingen.....Charles Tanner lost

Time—¼	½	¾	Mile
:29¾	:59½	1:29¼	1:59½

Grand Rapids, Mich., July 28, 1913. To beat the track trotting record, 2:06¼.

Uhlan, bl g, by Bingen.....Charles Tanner won

Time—¼	½	¾	Mile
:29½	:59¾	1:31¼	1:59¾

Goshen, N. Y., Aug. 19, 1913. To beat his own world's half-mile track trotting record, 2:02¾.

Uhlan, bl g, by Bingen.....Charles Tanner lost

Time—¼	½	¾	Mile
:30¼	:59¼	1:32½	2:03¾

(Note: The only half ever trotted in 1:00 or better on half-mile track.)

Hamline, Minn., Sept. 5, 1913. To beat the state trotting record, 2:05¼.

Uhlan, bl g, by Bingen.....Charles Tanner won

Time—¼	½	¾	Mile
:30	:59¾	1:30¾	1:59¾

Galesburg, Ill., Sept. 19, 1913. To beat the track trotting record, 2:03¾, by Alix.

Uhlan, bl g, by Bingen.....Charles Tanner won

Time—¼	½	¾	Mile
:30	1:00	1:30½	2:00¼

Lexington, Ky., Oct. 6, 1913. Quarter-mile dash, to establish a trotting record.

Uhlan, bl g, by Bingen.....Charles Tanner won

Time—⅛	¼
:13¾	:27

Separately, by eighths:

1st	2d
:13¾	:13¼

Lexington, Ky., Oct. 9, 1913. To beat 2:03, the world's record for trotter with running mate.

Uhlan, bl g, by Bingen, and Slats, b g, thoroughbred.....Charles Tanner won

Time—¼	½	¾	Mile
:28¾	:57¼	1:25¼	1:54½

Separately, each quarter:

1st qr.	2d qr.	3d qr.	4th qr.
:28¾	:28½	:28	:29¼

1914

Saratoga, N. Y., Aug. 13, 1914. Exhibition, trotting, to saddle, grass course.

Uhlan, bl g, by Bingen.....

.....Mr. C. K. G. Billings (192 lbs) won

Time—:13.

Lexington, Ky., Oct. 8, 1914. Exhibition, trotting, to saddle.

Uhlan, bl g, by Bingen.....

.....Mr. C. K. G. Billings (193 lbs) won

Time—:13½.

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